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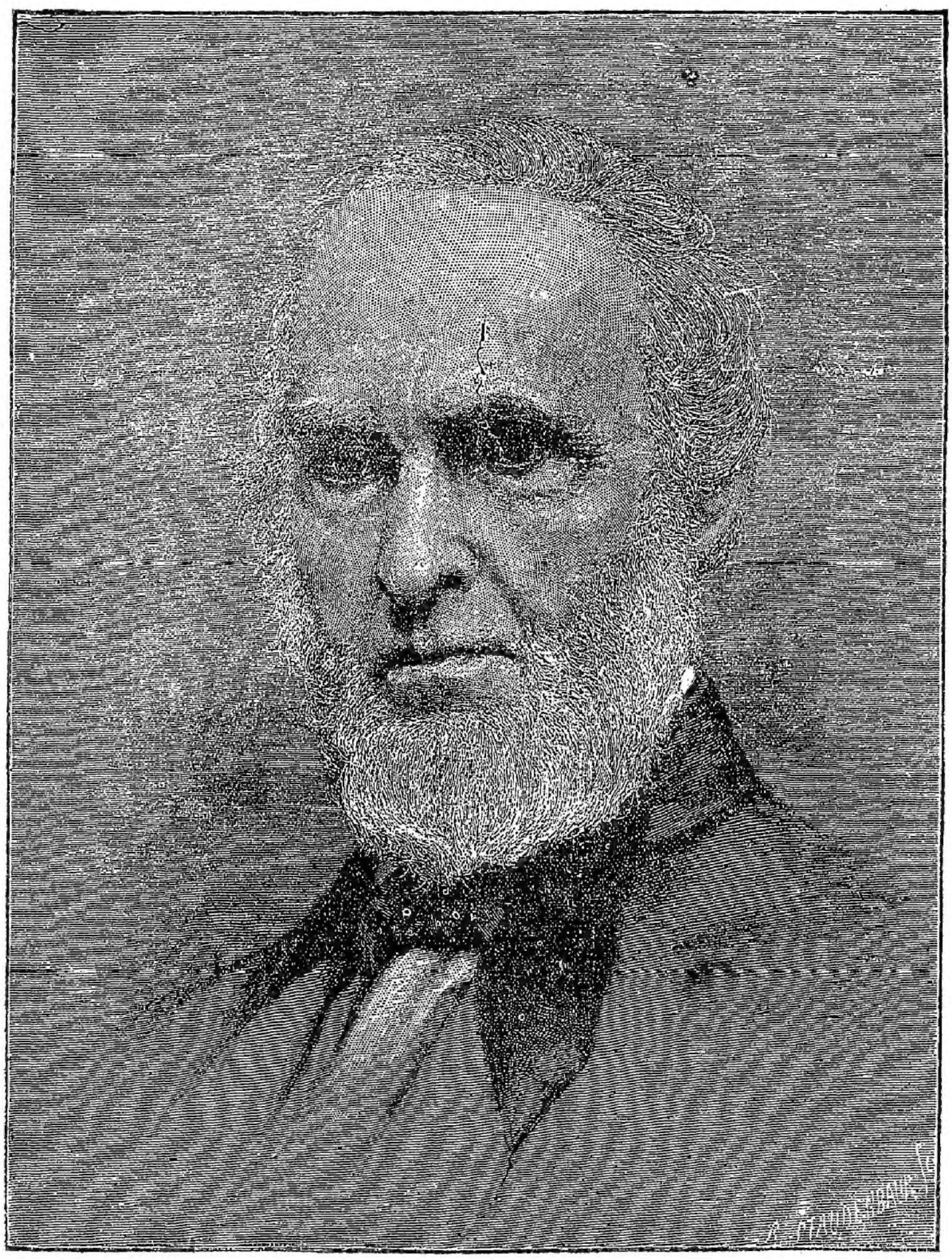
THE WHITTIER ANNIVERSARY.

One of the most interesting literary events of the year 1877 was the celebration of the seventieth birthday of John G. Whittier. A banquet in honor of the poet was given in Boston, at which all our leading men of letters were present, either in person or by letter. From points far and near all over the English-speaking world messages of love and congratulation came winging their way to the quiet home at Amesbury, from whence for more than half a century the good Quaker poet had been singing himself into the hearts and lives of the American people. Among all the tender words and tributes of praise and admiration spoken and written on that happy occasion there were none more tender, more hearty and sincere than those of Bryant, Emerson and Longfellow, three of Whittier's most beloved associates and fellow-workers in the harvest fields of literature. All of these were old men. Longfellow had himself just passed his seventieth milestone, Bryant was over eighty, and Emerson seventy-four; the former two were still in full voice, but the splendid mind of the Concord philosopher was passing into eclipse. A decade has passed since then, and Whittier alone of all the tuneful brotherhood yet remains a blessed presence on the earth. The summer following the Whittier anniversary, in his home at Roslyn, the author of "Thanatopsis" wrapped "the drapery of his couch about him" and laid down to pleasant dreams. Longfellow sang on for four years longer, and then his gentle soul went out to the "Silent Land," and the sweet voice was hushed in the hush of the grave. Emerson also, after Bryant, had four more years of life to live, though the shadows were upon him long before the end came. A few weeks after Longfellow was laid away, with tears and farewells, at Mount Auburn, Emerson found the rest for which he longed, near Hawthorne and Thoreau, in the cemetery at Concord. But Whittier, the good, the true, the noble, the poet of our hearts and homes, is still with us, and the seventeenth of December rounded out the full measure of eighty years.

That a man has lived to the age of eighty years is not of itself such an unusual or a wonderful thing even in these days of physical degeneracy as to call for a public demonstration of any kind. The land is full of octogenarians, many of whom have served their fellow-men grandly and nobly in their day, many that are loved and honored, but there is only one Whittier, only one octogenarian so loved and honored throughout the world as he whom men have long since learned to know as the "dear old Quaker poet." Few poets have ever lived who have filled their years with such noble, helpful service to their fellow-men as Whittier has filled his four-score. It was over sixty years ago that he began to sing the songs of freedom, right and truth, and down to this time, through many dark and stormy days, through good report and evil report, through all the vicissitudes which years have wrought, he has kept on his way unfalteringly, his voice as firm and strong, his heart as warm and true as in his youth. He sang the critics into respectful silence long ago; they formed, from the beginning, the smallest and the least part of the opposition he had to encounter.

It was a matter of little consequence to him whether they were pleased or not, whether or no his verse was framed according to the strict rules of art, as long as it served the main purpose of his life, the overcoming of evil, the putting down of tyranny. It was enough for him that his songs found their way to the lips and the hearts of the people, carrying with them everywhere the love of right and the hatred of wrong which he had breathed into them. His muse was early consecrated to the cause of humanity, and he has kept it true to that aim all these years. His ardent and stirring verse has been from the beginning one continuing battle-cry against injustice and oppression among



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

men. Though committed by the creed of his fathers against the pursuit of arms, his poetry has been at times as full of the spirit of war as a bugle-blast, or the roll of a drum. His place on the field of conflict has been not unlike that of the bards of whom we read so much in Ossian, they who "stood upon the hills and cheered the warriors on to noble strife." But Whittier has never loved war for war's sake, and has never sought by his verse to add to the false and delusive glories which so many other poets have thrown around the pursuit of arms. He has ever sought and striven to bring about a reign of peace among men and nations, though not willing at any time to compromise truth and justice to that end. Not all of his poems have been of the martial order. Many a legend of old New England days, many a happy memory of his boyhood life, many a homely incident, many a sweet and dainty fancy of his maturer years, have found expression in his melodious verse. "Mogg Megone," "The Barefoot Boy," "Maud Muller," "Skipper Ireson," "The Singers in the Tent on the Beach," these are some of the creations which people the realms of his romantic song.

Considering all things, his poems of peace and poems of war, his occasional faults of rhyme and metre, errors in judgment and belief, all his life as he has lived it, who is there among us who, on the eve of this joyful anniversary, would pluck one leaf from the laurel crown that rests upon the silvery head of the poet of Amesbury. Is there anyone anywhere who will stand up and declare himself an enemy to this gentle and sweet-souled man who has never committed a greater fault than being too ardent and outspoken in behalf of what he believed to be the cause of truth and righteousness! He is our laureate, the people's poet. May the years that yet remain to him rest as lightly upon his head as the snows rest these winter days upon his beloved New England hills.

"And stay thou with us long! vouchsafe us long
This brave autumnal presence, ere the hues
Slow-fading, ere the quaver of thy voice,
The twilight of thine eye, move men to ask
Where hides the chariot—in what sunset vale
Beyond what chosen river, champs the steeds
That wait to bear thee skyward."

—*N. Y. Observer.*

PAPA KILLED ME.

BY BRICK POMEROY.

Into the chief room of the apartments without rapping the little ten-year-old boy led the way. A sparsely furnished room, dimly lighted by a solitary oil-burning lamp.

On a bed in one corner of the room, lay the lifeless body of a child. On the floor, moaning in agony of spirit, lay a man, a middle aged man, father of the dead child. In the adjoining room, in an old wooden rocking chair, sat a woman clad sparsely in what was once a brown spotted calico dress, trying to soothe a year old babe to sleep.

Poverty and grief were here holding a mutual admiration convention, and a family in suffering.

"He came with me, mamma," said the boy, as he shrank into a corner beside a cheap cooking stove that was giving out a sickly smell and feeble heat.

The woman arose with her babe in her arms, and asked us to occupy one of the three wooden chairs that were in the room, and begged pardon for sending for us. Between her sobs, thus ran her tearful recital:—

"You may not know us, but my husband and I know you. My husband is a carpenter—a good mechanic, who has plenty of work when he is sober and well. Last spring, he saw a notice in a newspaper that you were to speak on temperance for the Manhattan Temperance Society at the Masonic Temple one afternoon and he went. He came home and told me what you had said, and that he had made up his mind to stop drinking, no matter who of the rich men or of others set the example or asked him to. He did quit, and was all the better for it. We moved over from the East Side and got a better home, but it is not what we want yet.

"The day before Thanksgiving he started for home with eleven dollars. An old acquaintance prevailed on him to go into a place and get a drink. He went in, and stayed there till midnight, Johnny nor I could not find him. At last he came home very drunk. All his money was gone. Monday he was sick so he could not go to work. Tuesday he was sick. We had no money in the house. I pawned our clock and all the other things we could spare to get money to buy food and coal with. It was a week before he could go to work, when he found that he was no longer wanted. Then he got some odd jobs, and Saturday night came home very drunk again, but he had twenty cents in his pocket that he gave to me. I went out to get some food, as I wanted to make the money go as far as possible. While I was gone, little Mamie, who was four years' old, annoyed him in some way, and he whipped her very severely. Then he hit her on the side of her head and knocked her senseless to the floor. When I came home with a loaf of bread and soup bone, he was sitting in the rocking chair scolding Johnny for not finding some coal and the baby was crying. Mamie came to me sobbing very hard, and told me she was sick. I saw that she had been hurt and put her to bed.

"For two days and nights she was sick. She held her hand to her head, and looked at me so pitifully. Every time she sank into a sleep, she would turn and start and cry out, 'Oh please don't!—Oh, papa! don't kill me—Oh, papa! I did't mean to?' or something of that kind."

"I got a doctor to come in. He said she had been cruelly beaten and that she had a fever and was delirious. All day Sunday and Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday she was feverish and delirious. Husband tried to take her up, but she shrank away from him and screamed every time he came to her. The folks in the house have been very kind, but to-day she died, and you can come and see the marks of his hand on her face and head where he struck her. Oh, I am almost wild. My husband is almost crazy. He says he will go mad. He has eaten no food, nor has he had anything bad to drink since Saturday night. To night he wanted me to send for you—to ask you to come here and to see him and tell him what to do. He wanted you to tell him if God would forgive him. At last I sent Johnny for you, and he now has gone to sleep from grief and weakness and misery. What, oh, what shall I do. Tell me—do tell me?"

The man lay there on the floor—a good looking man evidenty when he was himself. On the thin bed, under a once white sheet, lay the lifeless body of a once beautiful, sensitive child. There in the dim light, it seemed to us that we saw her spirit clinging to the neck and bosom of the weeping mother, and that it looked up to us and said—

"Papa killed me, but he was drunk and didn't mean to—but he killed me! He killed me!"

* * * * * *

How many lives are blasted, hearts broken, children killed, and hopes bereft at the hands and lives of those who give way to the demon of drink. How glad, how glad, how glad we are that thus far on the road from the cradle to the grave that opens the way to the future, we have never thus given way to that curse of a habit, and how thankful for the health, the strength, the happiness that comes from a preservation of the blessed faculties Our Father in Heaven did give to us.—*Headlight.*

"NOBODY'S CHILD."

A lady visiting an asylum for Friendless Children, lately watched the little ones go through their daily drill, superintended by the matron, a firm, honest woman, to whom her duty had evidently become a mechanical task. One little toddler hurt her foot, and the visitor, who had children of her own, took her on her knee, petted her, made her laugh, and kissed her before she put her down. The other children stared in wonder.

"What is the matter? Does nobody ever kiss you?" asked the astonished visitor.

"No. That isn't the rules, ma'am," was the answer.

A gentleman in the same city one morning stopped to buy a newspaper from a wizened, shrinking newsboy at the station, and found the boy followed him every day thereafter, with a wistful face, brushing the spots from his clothes, calling a cab for him, etc.

"Do you know me?" he asked him at last.

The wretched little Arab laughed. "No. But you called me 'my chile' one day. I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child."

Christian men and women are too apt to feel, when they subscribe to organized charities, that they have done their duty to the great army of homeless, friendless waifs around them. A touch, a kiss, a kind word, may do much toward saving the neglected little one who feels it is "nobody's child," teaching it as no money can do, that we are all children of one Father. —*Exchange.*

OUR WORK.

The natural increase of the heathen world is thirty millions greater every decade than that of the Christian world. Thirty millions in a decade is three millions a year, and this three millions a year must be overcome by propagandism among non-Christian peoples before it can be said that Christianity, by which we mean the whole Christian population, is increasing as rapidly as Paganism. This is a fact which we need to look at steadily, in order to understand the vastness of the work before us. It need not discourage us. The forces which Christianity can make use of are far greater than those which can be used against it. A sober appreciation of the task to be accomplished will rouse us from our dreams to greater energy of action and stir us to increased diligence. The open doors are all around us; pressing invitations from Japan, India, China, Africa, and elsewhere to come in and do the Lord's work are flowing in upon us. But our missionary boards have to wait for the means. The churches are slack in this matter. They are giving, it is true, large sums; but they are giving with the idea that this generation is doing enough and that under more favorable auspices future generations will be called upon to convert the world. It is a great mistake. It is the same mistake that the generation of Carey and Judson and Morrison made. We are trying to push the work of converting the world into the future. It is ours; we must bear our own burdens. It is ours to take care of the present and improve its opportunities to the utmost, leaving the future to its own duties. We need not be afraid that we shall do too much, and leave too little to those who come after us. That is not possible. The command which Christ gave his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," was given in the present tense. It is now in the present tense. It has no future tense for this generation.—*N. Y. Independent.*

EASY AND EFFICACIOUS.

My Bible class consists of seventeen young workingmen, from eighteen to twenty-eight years of age. Last summer I invited one who is a musician to come and play the next evening on the piano, and invited two or three others to sing with him. Then it occurred to me to invite all. So I did, though not expecting more than three or four to accept. I thought they would be a little shy of coming, and a great deal contemptuous of a dull evening with their Sunday-school teacher.

To my surprise and delight twelve came. The music did not succeed well. They could not sing much out of the song-books I had provided. The pianist broke down, the flute-player had little chance to show his skill, my games they seemed afraid of and to look down upon, and in spite of the soothing ice cream and cake at the end I sent them off with a feeling on my part of failure. But they went off delighted; I found that out unmistakably Now, is that not an easy way to make friends with your class?

The next time I provided a more dainty entertainment,—more intellectual; but as it brought in a young literary man who was a stranger to my scholars, it did not work quite so well. If I have a chance to have a reading for them, mainly of light and humorous pieces, I shall try that, prohibiting the irreverent things which elocutionists are so prone to choose. Or I might even vary the evening of music by reading one piece to them myself. But if not, I shall simply be careful to secure a pianist and get the invitations to them all in time, and to have a pile of Gospel hymns (which in the end prove to be the one thing they all can sing and therefore like to sing), and shall then rest content in the expectation of a successful entertainment.—*Margaret Meredith in S. S. World.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 19.

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.—MATT. 18: 21-35.
COMMIT VERSES 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matt. 6: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Only those who forgive can be forgiven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 18: 15-35.
T. Mark 11: 15-26.
W. Luke 17: 1-6.
Th. Rom. 12: 9-21.
F. Isa. 55: 1-13.
Sa. Matt. 6: 9-15.
Su. Col. 3: 12-25.

RECORDED only in Matthew.

INTRODUCTION.—This lesson is closely connected with the last. There we are warned against inflicting wrong on others: here we are taught how to treat those who have wronged us.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

21. *Then came Peter:* after thinking over what Jesus had said in vs. 15-17. *Till seven times:* the Jewish rabbis taught to forgive three times. Peter felt far beyond them. 22. *Seventy times seven:* 490 times, i.e., as often and as long as he *asks forgiveness* (Luke 17: 3, 4). Further instruction can be found in Matt. 18: 15-17; Rom. 12: 19-21. 23. *King:* representing God. *Servants:* officers; governors placed over provinces, or officers intrusted with collecting the revenue. 24. *Ten thousand talents:* a Greek talent was 6,000 denarii or pence, each worth 15 to 17 cents. The whole amount was nine or ten millions of dollars. This represents the greatness of our sins against God. 25. *Him to be sold, and his wife,* etc.: according to Eastern custom. This represents that for his sins man deserves the greatest punishment. 28. *A hundred pence:* $15 to $17; one 600,000th part as much as he had been forgiven. 34. *Delivered him to the tormentors:* in those days debtors often hid money that should have gone to pay their debts, and they were tortured to make them tell where it was. This represents the pains of conscience and hell. 35. *So likewise,* etc.: Because those who will not forgive are not fit to be forgiven, are not truly repentant. (See Lord's prayer.)

QUESTIONS.

What was the subject of the last lesson? When and where was it spoken? Was this lesson spoken at the same time?

SUBJECT: FORGIVING AND BEING FORGIVEN.

I. THE TREATMENT OF THOSE WHO HAVE WRONGED US.—What is the first thing to do when any one has injured us? (Matt. 18: 15.) What are the next two steps, if the first effort fails? Who should make the first advances? Why? What are we still to do even if he will not be reconciled? (Rom. 12: 19-21; Matt. 5: 44.)

II. HOW MANY TIMES TO FORGIVE (vs. 21, 22).—What question did Peter ask Jesus? What was Jesus' reply? What does this mean? Are we to forgive when the injurer does not wish to be forgiven? (Luke 17: 3, 4.) What are we to do to lead him to seek forgiveness? (Matt. 18: 15-17.) What is included in forgiveness? Is it hard to forgive? What injury is done to ourselves by not forgiving? What injury to others? What example was set us by Christ? (Luke 23: 34.) What by Stephen? (Acts 7: 60.)

III. THE PARABLE OF FORGIVENESS (vs. 23-35). SCENE I.—Relate the story in vs. 23-27. Who is represented by the king? By the servant or officer? How much money is 10,000 talents? Does this represent our sins toward God? In what respects is sin a debt? Can we pay the debt? How *does God show his* compassion to us? (John 3: 16.) For whose sake does God forgive us? Why can he not forgive without the atonement of Christ? Repeat some texts about God's forgiving love. (Ps. 103: 11-13, Ps. 130; Isa. 55: 7; Rom. 3: 25, 26; Eph. 4: 32.)

SCENE II.—What did the officer do when he was released? How much is 100 pence? What is the *difference* between this and the amount the officer had been forgiven? How does this represent the wrongs men do to us?

SCENE III.—Who told the king about his unmerciful servant? What did the king do? Why? Was this just? Why cannot God forgive those who refuse to forgive others? Where else is this truth taught? (Matt. 6: 12, 14, 15; Mark 11: 25.) Dare one who does not forgive, repeat the Lord's prayer?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1888.)

1. Jan. 1.—Herod and John the Baptist.—Matt. 14: 1-12.
2. Jan. 8.—The Multitude Fed.—Matt. 14: 13-21.
3. Jan. 15.—Jesus walking on the Sea.—Matt 14: 22-36.
4. Jan. 22.—Jesus and the Afflicted, Matt.—15: 21-31.
5. Jan. 29.—Peter confessing Christ.—Matt. 16: 13-28.
6. Feb. 5.—The Transfiguration.—Matt. 17: 1-13.
7. Feb. 12.—Jesus and the Little Ones.—Matt. 18: 1-14.
8. **Feb. 19.—A Lesson on Forgiveness.—Matt. 18: 21-35.**
9. Feb. 26.—The Rich Young Ruler.—Matt. 19: 16-26.
10. March 4.—Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.—Matt. 20: 17-29.
11. March 11.—Christ entering Jerusalem.—Matt. 21: 1-16.
12. March 18.—The Son Rejected.—Matt. 21: 33-46.
13. March 25.—Review, Temperance, Gal. 5: 16-26, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ODDS AND ENDS FOR COLD WEATHER.

I wonder why you do not always shut the door whenever you go out and in. I understand that you have not come to stay, and that when you have given us the message from your mother, or found the book you are looking for, you are going away, and yet, dear Phil, you would leave us so much more comfortable if you would remember this little bit of advice—always close the door.

Do you happen to know that a newspaper is a very good substitute for a blanket? Two or three newspapers tacked together for a lining, and placed between covers of silesia or calico, make a very warm as well as a very cheap afghan to throw over the lounge or the foot of the bed. Soldiers in camp, when they have *had a scarcity of* blankets, have often used newspapers in their place. Their close texture keeps the warmth of the body from escaping, and you know that we use clothing rather to save the heat we have than to impart heat to ourselves.

I heard Alice, who is puzzling over German, and Lawrence, who has just begun a tremendous tug with his Greek verbs, complaining that evening study prevented them from sleeping well. Ask mother to let you have a slice or two of thin bread and butter, and if you like it, a glass of milk or even of cold water, before you retire, and you will have no trouble about sleep. The study which you have given your Greek and German has sent the blood to the brain, and if the stomach has something *to do*, it will draw some of that blood away and make things equal.

Of course you dislike extra wraps and overcoat—all young people do. Yet take my word for it, nine colds out of every ten from which you and I suffer come from some *imprudent* exposure. We sit in a crowded room at a concert or play, at a lecture or in church, keeping our wraps closely fastened, and when we step into the air, as old-fashioned people say, "we do not feel the good of them." Either remove the top-coat or cloak on entering a well-warmed or crowded room, or else carry an extra shawl or wrap *to put on when* you leave it.

Perhaps you are not responsible for the state of the street or road before your mother's door. And yet it would be very well for you to notice on a slippery icy day whether any one has sprinkled sawdust or ashes on the glassy surface, so that walking thereon will be safe. "Whene'er I take my walks abroad," as the hymn says, I see many a house front which proclaims the thoughtlessness of the people behind it.

One word more. This bit of advice concerns all seasons of the year. Please never, even for a single instant, leave on the stairs or in the passages anything over which people may stumble. To leave your hat or books, or dust-pan or broom, on the stairs is worse than heedless; it is wicked, and it may cost somebody a broken limb or his life.—*Aunt Marjorie's Precept in Harper's Young People.*

HEALTH "DON'TS."

Don't neglect your house-drains, nor the drainage about your house. The first condition of family health is a dry and sweet atmosphere. With dry walls, a dry cellar, and drains that carry off refuse without letting in foul passes, half the battle for good health is won.

Don't let your wells or springs be infected by drainage, or from other causes. Pure drinking-water is indispensable for health at home, or anywhere.

Don't keep the sun out of your living and sleeping-rooms. Sunlight is absolutely necessary for a right condition of the atmosphere that we breathe, and for our bodily well-being.

Don't sleep in the same flannels that you wear during the day.

Don't wear thin socks or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather.

Don't catch cold. Catching cold is much more preventable than is generally supposed. A person in good physical condition is not liable to colds, and will not fall a victim to them unless he is grossly careless. Keep the feet warm and dry, the head cool, the bowels and chest well protected; avoid exposure with an empty stomach; take care not to cool off too rapidly when heated; keep out of draughts; wear flannels; and with the exercise of a little common-sense in various emergencies, colds will be rare. If colds were a penal offence, we should soon find a way *to* prevent them.

Don't neglect personal cleanliness, but use the bath with moderation and in accordance with your general health. The daily cold bath is right enough with the rugged, but it is a great tax upon the vitality of persons *not in the best* health, and should be abandoned if the results are not found to be favorable, and tepid water used instead. Each man in these things should be a judge for himself; that which is excellent for one is often hurtful for another.

Don't have much confidence in the curative nature of drugs. Remember that Dr. Good-Habits, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Exercise are the best doctors in the world.—*Youth's Companion.*

SYSTEM AND SAVING.

When a woman gets married she knows she has a house to keep, and has no business to get married unless she expects to keep *house*; and having once accepted the position of housekeeper, if not fit for it, she should proceed at once and cheerfully, to fit herself.

You would despise yourself, if, tossed into a great sea, you made no struggle for a boat, a buoy *or the shore*. So, when you find yourself almost overwhelmed with worries and care, and the steak is burning, the baby fallen out of bed, and your husband suddenly wants a button sewed on—hold the babe with one arm, lift the steak with the other, and tell John to bring you a needle and thread. Say no more. There are times when *silence is not* only golden but diamonds, and this is one of them. Thoughts are ghosts when unspoken, and troop harmlessly about, but once spoken they are living, sentient beings; therefore do not speak of a trouble or annoyance, unless *speaking* of it can remedy it. Very likely silence will in twenty-four hours lay the ghost, but once give it a voice and it may live forever.

Next to silence is order. If that is heaven's first law it is twofold the housekeeper and cook's. "A place for everything and everything in its place," might well be framed and substituted for "Home, Sweet, Home," over our doors.

To misplace a kitchen fork or spoon may burn to a cinder the most carefully prepared dish. The convenient holder lost from its nail may burn the cake or ruin the pie, and incense the cook. A cook table, full of drawers, where flour, spices, rolling pins and cake cutters are kept, with bake pans hanging over it, will save you miles of travel and hours of time. A small shelf near the stove, kept for an extra pepper and salt dish, has saved me fifty miles travel I think, in ten years. Only for one day count how many times you go from cook table to stove, seasoning various dishes, and you will see what this means.

Before putting a stroke in your kitchen, stand by the stove or range as the objective point; draw a straight line from that to every object which is often used there, and place it as near as possible. Keep kettles and gridirons so near that you need but to turn to reach them, and always, if possible, wash them as soon as used, because they wash easier and it saves time.

In finding places for kitchen utensils study every time to place them where it will take the fewest steps to reach them.

The walk, walk, walk, step, step, step, all day, of some housekeepers, reminds us of the tread-mill work of a horse on a wheel. The poor, dejected animal looks always down and counts the same rounds hopelessly, interminably.

There is no use of it. If brains do not save steps in housekeeping, then brains *should* go to the wall and machine work come in. If a sane woman will go twice or thrice a day down cellar and bring up five or ten potatoes at a time, instead of a peck and wash them at once, then my talk is not for her, for I cannot simplify housekeeping.

A japanned server is the key-stone of the kitchen arch, and a dumb waiter between the cellar and the pantry or kitchen is one of the supporting pillars; a ventilator over the stove is another.

In the sitting room the greatest aid to simplify housekeeping is a work table with folding leaves and *the sides full of* small drawers, so that when the housekeeper sits down to sew she can put her hand at once, and without arising, on crochet and knitting needles, tapes and darning cotton, and every possible need.

I reiterate. *Put all the articles of* every-day use at the point where they can be reached with fewest steps. *Once* a year weed out the foolish knicknacks of beads and cardboard, and the like, which seem to accumulate like frogs of Egypt over night, and drop from our ceilings, cumber our walls, load our shelves, and require hours of dusting. They are a delusion and a snare, and a caricature of true art at best.

I commend to you, if muscles and nerves are overstrained, to learn to shirk somewhat judiciously, but surely. Let reason come to your aid, and compel yourself to take a rest, even in a change of work. The acquiescence and approval of the mind is necessary to rest well. Do whatever you like or do nothing when overstrained, but don't drive yourself with whip and spur.—*Mrs. B. Gray before Kansas Social Science Association.*

GAMES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Besides our necessary food, there are three things requisite to the comfort and well-being of the household. First is work—as no one can be contented, or happy without being usefully employed, so every one must do some work, according to strength and capacity. An idler is a nuisance. Next in order is rest. Our heavenly Father has made us to need rest, and has appointed suitable time and season for it. In an ambitious struggle for gain, necessary rest is too often sacrificed; but it eventually proves a loss instead of gain. Next in order is recreation or amusement. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Home amusements and recreations contribute *not only to* the happiness of families, but to the welfare of the nation. Good men and women are made in good homes. A good woman has no higher mission in this world, than in devoting her best powers to the welfare and happiness of her own family, and the better her children are trained and made happy at home the better citizens they will *make*, and the less need there will be of reform associations.

Home amusements contribute to the happiness of children, and keep them from outside temptations. Games in which all of the family can join are generally the most enjoyed. For *winter evenings*, "Hunt the Word" is an easy game for all, and need not hinder the mother's sewing, or grandma's knitting. One of the circle leaves the room, while the rest agree upon a word, which must be included in the answer to any question that the guesser may ask. Only one question must be put to one person, and that person in the answer may puzzle the guesser to find the word in his ingenious reply, but if it is found on him he must go out in his turn to be the questioner. Another easy game is the "Initial." While the questioner is out, you agree upon the initial of the name of any article in the room. If it is a compound name like rocking-chair, work-basket, etc., there are two initials. It is of course much more interesting to children than to mothers, but whatever entertains the children benefits their mothers.

For Sunday evening recreation quoting Scripture texts is very pleasant, as well as a benefit to the memory, and very enjoyable. There is no greater happiness to be found in this world than in a united, cheerful household.—*N. Y. Observer.*

LAWS OF HEALTH.

Don't worry.
Don't over eat. Don't starve.
Court the fresh air day and night.
Sleep *is nature's* benediction.
Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."
Think only healthful thoughts.
Seek peace.
Avoid passion and excitement. Anger may be fatal.
Never despair.

GOOD SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one teacup of brown sugar, one half-cup of molasses, one-half tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sour cream, one half-teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, flour till stiff enough. *Bake in a* moderate oven.

PUZZLES.

WHAT AM I.

Australia and Van Dieman's Land,
Now Guinea's lovely shore,
Can boast our tribes, and oft we range
Their plains and mountains o'er.
With hare-like heads, enormous tails,
Hind legs with powerful claws,
Fore quarters small, with slender necks
And tiny little paws.
My size is sometimes four feet long,
And sometimes *that of* rabbit.
I feed upon sweet herbs and grass,
And have a wondrous habit.
When my young "Joeys" roam about,
Should danger hover near them,
I put them in my pocket—safe,
Where none can see or hear them!
And bound away. Gigantic leaps
I take, as you may see.
When horse and hunter swiftly come
Pursuing after me.
The natives eat my flesh; my skin
For boots and shoes is bought.
And gloves adorn some high-born hands.
So deftly is it wrought.
But with my claws I sometimes keep
Both men and hounds at bay.
For one good stroke can hapless dog
Or o'on a hunter slay.
A harmless, happy life is mine.
O'er fertile plains I roam,
Though sometimes I molest the grain
Around some settler's home.

My curious pouch, and curious form
Will surely tell my name;
"Marsupials" all my friends are called,
And I am called the same.

(Picture answer next number.)

EXTENDED PUZZLE.

From Norway to Orleans.

Norway
* * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * *
Orleans.

COMPOUND WORDS.—The last syllable of Norway forming the first syllable of the word underneath and so on.

A SQUARE WITHIN A SQUARE.

O O O O O
O . . . O
O . . . O
O . . . O
O O O O O

FIVE LETTER SQUARE:—1. The seed of a species of canary grass, used for feeding birds. 2. To gain knowledge of. 3. *Heathenish.* 4. Incensed. 5. To unite at the end.

These words, beheaded and curtailed, will give a second square of three letters, the words of which have the following definitions: 1. Attention. 2. A commander, or chief officer, in the Turkish empire. 3. A small animal.

LETTER-ENIGMA.

1. In wash, but not in *lave*;
2. In *hold*, but not in save;
3. In *fire*, but not in coal;
4. In end, but not in goal;
5. In link, but not in chain;
6. In win, but not in gain;
7. In soil, but not in earth;
8. In famine, but not in dearth;
9. In hood, but not in cap;
10. In seat, but not in lap.

The traveller on Arabian deserts
My all does ever dread;
Oft they are sudden, awful, swift,
And devastation spread.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NUMBER 24.

WHAT AM I?

The eel.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because one good turn deserves another.
2. Adders.
3. When it is aching (a king.)
4. It is a master-stroke.
5. The goby.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

We have received lately no answers to the puzzles, but so many letters are coming in in connection with the Prize Competition that we suppose our young people are too busy with that just now to attend to anything else. Still we want to hear from them in the Puzzle Corner too, and when they send their answers would like to have them send a puzzle or two of their own as well. Who will do it? *Cannot some of* the new subscribers who are joining us so fast try their hand at this work?

Editor Northern Messenger.

WASHED UP BY THE TIDE.

(See Illustration.)

A life full of hardship was that of Janet, Ben Walter's widow.

Ben had been a fisherman, but his little vessel had foundered at sea one awful night ten winters ago, and Janet was left alone in the world, save for her two little children, the youngest of whom was then only a baby in arms.

How to feed and clothe these little ones, and keep a roof over their heads, had been a problem not easy to solve, and often she would have been in despair but for her trust in the Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow.

And now her children were growing up, dutiful, helpful, and God-fearing, rewarding her for her care, and promising to be a comfort to her declining years.

But, none the less, the family were poor, very poor, and many were the trials and hardships that fell to their lot; for Janet and her children were not among those who would go about begging, rather than undergo privation.

Things were at their worst, in the middle of a hard winter, when the widow one day received a letter from a brother of hers who had been in Canada for many years, and had there done so well that he determined to realize his property, and return to his native country.

"And, dear sister," he wrote, "I know your life has been a hard one since you lost Ben, but please God it shall be so no more. When I come home you shall live with me and your children shall be mine, seeing I've neither chick nor child of my own."

He added that he hoped to follow his letter very shortly, by a steamer that was to sail for Newcastle the following week. From Newcastle he said he should find his way to Surf Bay by train or by boat, as occasion served.

There were great rejoicings in Widow Walter's cottage when the children had heard Uncle Joe's letter.

"Oh, mother!" cried Fred, "now you'll be able to have some warm clothes; you know the doctor said you would never lose your rheumatism till you could wear flannel."

"Yes, dear boy, and you, I hope, will go to a good school, and get on with your learning a bit; you've set your heart on that, I know, though it's been uphill work so far."

"As for you, Elsie," said Fred, turning to his sister, "perhaps uncle will be willing, when your schooling is over, to 'prentice you to a dress-maker. That's what you want now, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the child. "I could earn so much if I knew dressmaking, and could help mother a great deal."

"I thank God for my good, dutiful children!" said Janet, with glistening eyes; and putting an arm round each, she knelt and blessed the Heavenly Father for the love that bound them so fast together, and for the prospect of happiness and comfort which had now been sent them.

How anxiously the little trio at Surf Bay awaited news of the steamship "Albatross" may be imagined. But the welcome intelligence came at last, in the shape of a letter from Uncle Joe, saying that he had found at Newcastle a coasting vessel commanded by an old friend of his, and leaving the next day, bound for a port just beyond Surf Bay, and that he had decided to come by her.

"I will probably take the 'Grace Darling' three days to get to you," he wrote, "or even longer still, should the wind prove contrary; but I hope to be with you, at all events, by the end of the week."

Time passed, and the third day was now nearing its close. The wind, which had been blowing fresh all day, increased to a gale. The fishing boats had come flying in, glad to gain safe anchorage before the storm burst, as it must shortly, with fury.

Janet's heart was heavy at the thought of her dear brother exposed to such danger in that small vessel; and her anxiety brought back only too vividly to her recollection the terrible suspense and sorrow of ten years ago, when she had waited and watched for the beloved husband who came not, and whom she should not see again till that last joyful meeting in the kingdom above.

Janet was roused from her sad dreams of the past by her children, who suddenly burst into the cottage, crying, "Mother! Mother! There's a wreck drifting ashore! Come, oh, come down to the breakwater and see!"

Janet put on a shawl, drew a hood over her head, and accompanied Fred and Elsie to the breakwater.

Yes—sure enough, there was the wreck of a small vessel; no mast, no sail, nothing left of her but the bare hull, drifting helplessly towards the cliff, on to a reef which was covered at high tide.

Janet hid her face with her hands and shuddered.

What if that were the "Grace Darling!" the coaster that was to have brought her long absent brother to the home that he had purposed to make so bright and happy!

When she opened her eyes once more, she saw that the wreck had become firmly lodged on the reef; another half hour, and the tide was on the turn, and very soon some men were able, by wading, to get close under the dismasted hull, and read the name on her battered bow.

"Another trouble for you, Mrs. Walter!" said old sailor Mat, as he dropped again the lantern, by the light of which he had read the name of the vessel. "God comfort you, my poor neighbor! This wreck is all that's left of the 'Grace Darling.'"

There was no sleep for the inmates of the cottage that night. Grief and anxiety had once more spread their brooding wings over that humble home, and the gladness was turned into bitter sorrow.

Early the next morning, Janet and her children were up, and out by the sea again, hoping to learn some particulars of last night's disaster; but nothing had been heard, and with a heavy sigh Janet turned from the group of men assembled on the breakwater, and, followed by Fred and Elsie, wandered along the beach, looking wistfully out to sea.

The gale had spent itself, and the water was growing calmer every minute, so that any floating objects would be distinctly visible. And, now suddenly, Fred caught his mother by the arm, and, pointing with an eager hand, cried, "Mother, what's that floating? It looks like a mast."

"Wait a bit," replied Janet; "the tide is rising, and will bring it nearer presently."

Hand in hand, mother and children watched, as the floating mass approached them. Then, when a great wave, curling over, washed it quite near, Janet rushed into the water, and ere the receding wave could sweep it back again, had seized the end of a rope attached to the timber.

"Help me, children!" she cried; and Fred and Elsie, joining their strength to hers, pulled and tugged at the rope, until a large portion of a broken mast lay on the beach.

"But, look here, mother! What's this caught in the rigging?" exclaimed Elsie.

"Why, it's a coat," replied Fred, and kneeling down on the sand he disentangled the garment. It was a thick, warm, pea-jacket, and from one of the capacious pockets stuck the corner of a small leather bag, with a name on it in white printed letters. Lifting it out with trembling hands, Janet read the words:

Joseph Sanderson, Montreal.

"There's little doubt now—God help us!" she murmured, with a sob. "This was your uncle's, my children, and we shall never see him again—at least, not here. We must try to submit patiently to God's will; but, oh, it is hard, very hard! But now, take up the coat, Elsie, and you, Fred, pull the mast up above high-water mark, and then come with me, for I must go to our rector and ask him what is to be done with this bag."

The clergyman, Mr. Mayne, gave it as his opinion that should Joe Sanderson's death be proved, the widow and her children would be entitled to whatever the bag might contain, as well as to any other property of which he had died possessed, since it was well known that the man had no other near relatives. Meanwhile the rector was willing to take charge of coat and bag.

It was a great trial, especially for the children, to give up all hopes that had become a part of the future since they had heard of their uncle's intended return. One evening, however, a few days after the wreck of the "Grace Darling," while the children and their mother were sitting at tea, there came a knock at the door, and when Elsie opened it there strode in a big, roughly-dressed man, who, closing the door behind him, came forward into the light. For one moment Janet eyed in wonder the bronzed and bearded face; then, with a cry of "Joe! Joe!" she threw herself into his arms.

When the first excitement of meeting was over, Joe gave the history of his rescue. After the rudder of the "Grace Darling" was broken the ship had, of course, become unmanageable; and feeling now that she was doomed, the skipper charged all on board to lash themselves securely to some buoyant object, for he felt that they would probably have to battle for their lives with the waves, as the vessel, even if she held together, must be driven ashore eventually, and already she was half full of water. Joe stripped himself of his heavy coat, which he contrived to fasten to the rigging; then he lashed himself to a portion of the mast itself, which had broken off.

No sooner had he done this than a great sea washed him overboard, together with his companions. For some time they floated, buffeted about by the waves, until they were picked up by a lifeboat sent to their rescue from a town some ten miles away from Surf Bay. He himself had been insensible when picked up, and it was several days before he was sufficiently recovered to go on to Surf Bay in search of his sister.

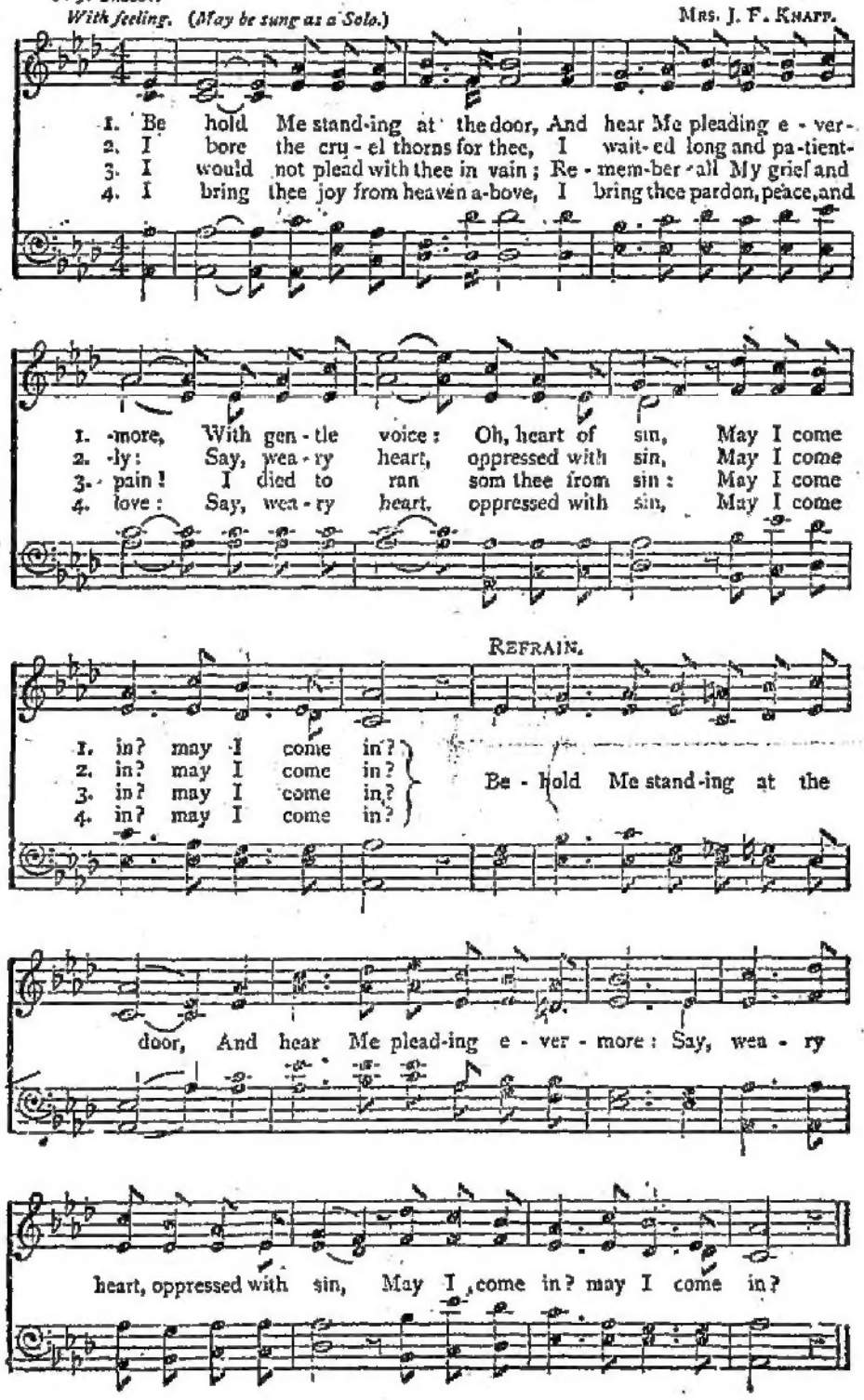
"But, my dears," said he, as he finished his narrative, "though God has spared me to come to you, I do so as a poor man; for a bag in my coat pocket contained the money and papers which were to make us all comfortable for life, and that bag and coat are lost."

"Nay, brother," replied Janet; "even in this matter God has been better to us than our fears. We found the coat and bag entangled in the rigging when the mast was washed up at high tide, and Mr. Mayne, our good pastor, has charge of both."

And once more there was great gladness and rejoicing in Widow Walter's little home, because he that had been lost was found, and once more God had proved Himself a very present help in time of trouble, commanding even the winds and the seas to fulfil His will concerning His people.—*Cottager and Artisan.*

Behold Me Standing at the Door!

F. J. Crosby. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock!"—Rev. iii. 20.

With feeling. *(May be sung as a Solo.)* Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Be hold Me stand-ing at the door, And hear Me pleading e - ver-
2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee, I wait-ed long and pa-tient-
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re - mem-ber all My grief and
4. I bring thee joy from heaven a-bove, I bring thee pardon, peace, and
1. -more, With gen - tle voice: Oh, heart of sin, May I come
2. -ly: Say, wea - ry heart, oppressed with sin, May I come
3. pain! I died to ran som thee from sin: May I come
4. love: Say, wea - ry heart, oppressed with sin, May I come
Refrain.
1. in? may I come in?
2. in? may I come in?
3. in? may I come in?
4. in? may I come in?
Be - hold Me stand-ing at the
door, And hear Me plead-ing e - ver - more: Say, wea - ry
heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

A LEGACY.

By John G. Whittier, in N. Y. Independent.

Friend of my many years!
When the great silence falls, at last, on me,
Let me not leave to pain and sadden thee
A memory of tears.

But pleasant thoughts alone
Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest
And drank the wine of consolation pressed
From sorrows of thy own.

I leave with thee a sense
Of hands upheld and trials rendered less—
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
Its own great recompense:

The knowledge that from thine,
As from the garments of the Master, stole
Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole
And heals without a sign:

Yea, more, the assurance strong
That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere
With its immortal song.

YOU CANNOT.

When Chrysostom was brought up before the emperor, the potentate thought to frighten him into obedience to him, and said, "I'll banish you."

"No, you can't," said Chrysostom, "for you can't banish me from Christ."

"Then I'll take your life."

"You can't," was the reply, "for in Christ I live and have my being."

"Then I'll confiscate your wealth."

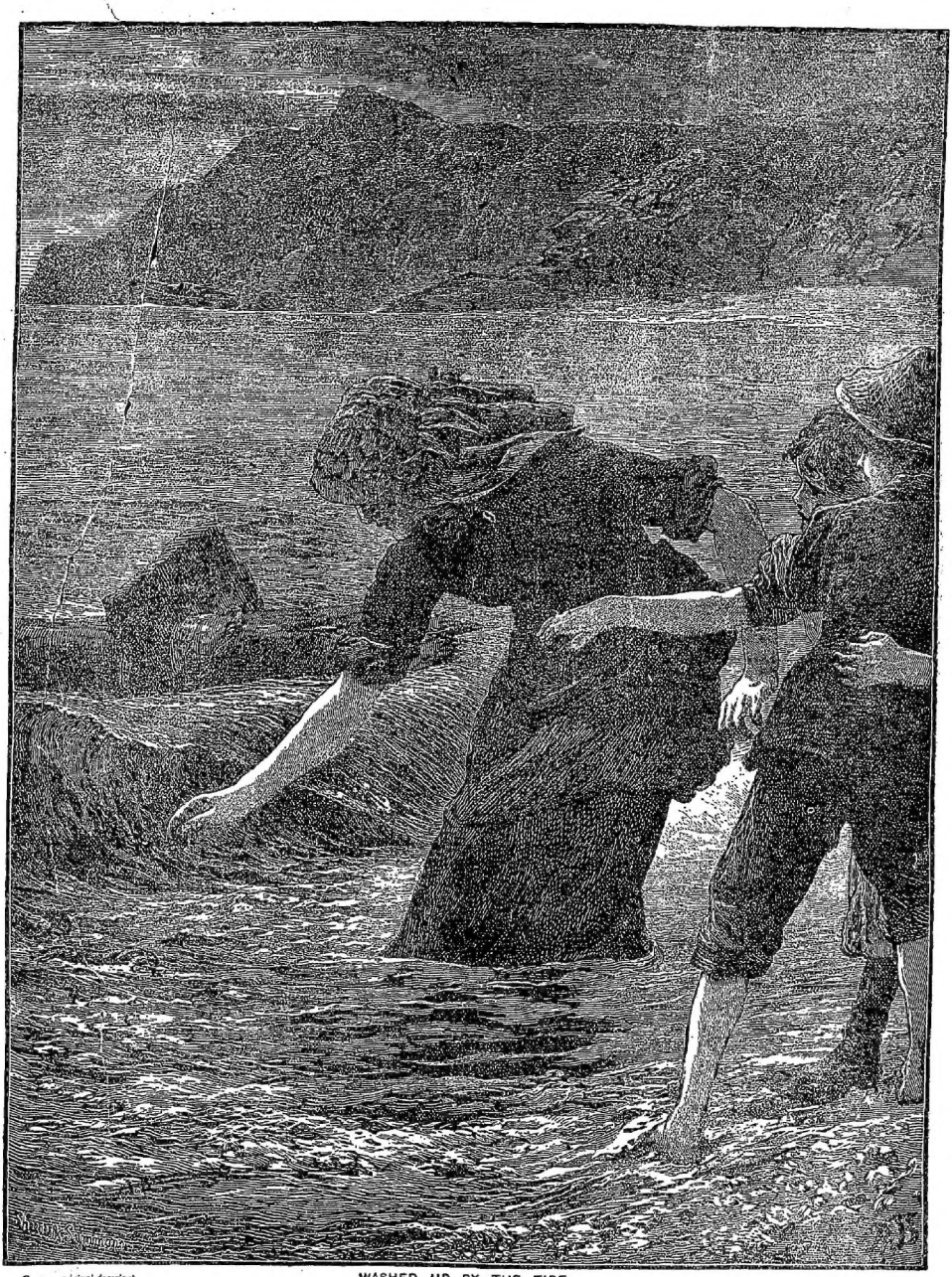
"You can't," was still the response, "for in Christ I have all riches."

"At least," the tyrant said, "I shall cause you to lose all your friends, and you will be virtually an outcast."

"But you cannot," Chrysostom exultingly replied, "for I have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Is it not sweet when to our own souls, as he was to his servant Chrysostom, Christ is "all and in all?"

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE has been quoted in some of the journals concerning the late Miss Dix, well known for her philanthropic labors especially among the city poor and the criminal classes. The lady was travelling in a stage-coach by night in Tennessee, when the coach was stopped and the passengers robbed by a highwayman. After giving up her purse, she addressed the robber; "My friend," she began, "is not this a bad business for you to be engaged in?" The man interrupted her: "That voice! I know that voice; I have seen you somewhere." It proved that he had been a convict in an Indiana penitentiary, where she had talked with the prisoners. He was greatly affected by the meeting, sat down beside her, spoke to her regarding his former career, restored her plunder to her and those about her, and vanished in the darkness, just in time to avoid arrest.



From an original drawing. WASHED UP BY THE TIDE. *By Robert Barnes.*

The Family Circle.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY EMMA JANE WORBOISE.

"And is the twilight closing fast?
I hear the night breeze wild;—
And is the long week's work all done?"
"Thy work is done, My child."

"Must I not rise at dawn of day?
The night-breeze swells so wild!
And must I not resume my toil?"
"No! nevermore, My child."

"And may I sleep through all the dark?—
The wind to-night is wild;
And may I rest tired head and feet?"
"Thou mayest rest, My child."

"And are the week-day cares gone by?
Still moan the breezes wild;
Have all the sorrows sped away?"
"All sped away, My child."

"And may I fold my feeble hands?
Hush! breezes sad and wild!
And may I close these wearied lids?"
"Yes, close thine eyes, My child."

'And shall I wake again, and hear,
Ah! not the night-breeze wild;
But Heaven's own psalm, full, deep, and calm?"
"Heaven's endless psalm, My child."

"Oh! sweet this last night of the week!
The breeze sinks low and mild;
To fall asleep in Thy kind arms!"
"Is passing sweet, My child."

"Oh! passing sweet these closing hours!
And sweet the night-breeze mild;
And the Sabbath-day that cometh fast!"
"The Eternal Day, My child!"

"The night is gone,—clear breaks the dawn;
It rises soft and mild:
Dear Lord! I see Thee face to face!"
"Yes, face to face, My child!"

—*Christian World.*

HELEN'S PRAYER.

BY GERTRUDE H. LINNELL.

The hour for the Sunday-school was drawing near the close, and already the hum of many voices was beginning to be hushed, but Miss Alice was still bending forward, earnestly talking to her class.

"We may ask God for anything we want. He says: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.'"

"But it can't mean exactly that," said Helen Portman, "for we all know that lots and lots of prayers of real good people are never answered!"

Miss Alice hesitated. She hardly understood Helen, who had been a member of the class but a short time, and who often made such speeches in a rather pert, thoughtless manner. Just then the superintendent's bell rang, and she said, hurriedly:

"There is not time to talk more now. Come and see me soon, and we will try to find out just what our Lord teaches us about prayer."

Helen made no reply, and as Miss Alice watched her passing down the aisle she said to herself:

"She is not in earnest. She has probably forgotten the whole matter already."

But Miss Alice did her an injustice this time. Helen had not spoken thoughtlessly, and as she walked home she was thinking of the text, and determining to pray as she had never prayed before for one thing she greatly desired.

Helen was not a popular girl, though she was acknowledged as a leader among her schoolmates. She had lived in the town only a year, and her previous city training had enabled her to take easily a high position in her classes. She was on good terms with all the girls, though she made no special friends, and they admired her, but felt a sense of constraint in her society.

Early in the school year it had been announced to the school that Judge Williams had offered a prize of $25, for the best composition upon some subject to be chosen by the girls themselves, and great was the interest in the contest. The competitors were busy with reference books and rules of composition, and the teacher of the class was to be seen at all odd moments explaining to an eager group some of the points in question. To the surprise of all, Helen refused to enter into the contest.

"It is lucky for *nous autres*," exclaimed Bessie Hardy. "If you did try, Helen, all I could say would be 'poor little me'!"

"I am sorry you will not, Helen," said her teacher. "The girls are making great progress, and it is just what you need."

But a few weeks before the compositions were to be sent to the committee for examination, Helen suddenly asked permission to compete.

"All's up, girls," said Bessie. "Helen enters the list, and I think we had better succumb—cumb—cumb.'"

"What in the world induces her to come in just at the last? It can't be for the money?"

"For the honor, my dear, to show us how easily she can go over the ground where we have been plodding for weeks!"

Helen overheard and her cheeks grew flushed, but she passed the group of girls as though she had not heard them. How could she explain, when it was just the money she wanted?

In one of the long lonely walks of which she was fond, she had lately come upon a shabby little house at some distance from the village, where, pressed against the small window panes, was the sweet, pale face of a little child.

Helen was attracted by the wistful smile in the blue eyes, and made overtures for acquaintanceship which were eagerly returned. She found that the smile and eyes belonged to a pretty little boy, lame and ill, the only child of a poor mother, more of a stranger to the place than Helen herself. Ever since it had been her great delight to go to the house with various little gifts, and to be received with adoring and untiring affection by Frankie.

As the spring days drew near she had thought how delighted mother and child would be if she could give them a large wicker carriage. What pleasure for poor little Frankie to be drawn through the woody paths or even into the village streets!

But when she asked the price of a carriage large and comfortable enough for the child, it was far more than she expected, more than she could pay. Then she remembered the prize, and at once decided to enter the contest.

She had little anxiety about the result. It was so generally conceded by the girls that she would be successful, it was natural she should think so herself. But a few days before the Sunday of which we have spoken her security was shaken. As she happened to pass the school-room one day, a little after school hours, she heard one teacher say to another:

"I suppose there is no doubt but that Helen Portman will take the prize."

"I am not sure," was the reply. "I think these two equally good. It is very close. I am glad I shall not have to decide."

Helen hurried away with a new sense of anxiety and excitement. Was it possible that she could fail? Oh, she could not, she must not! If only she had begun earlier! But the decision was not yet made, she would not give up hope yet, and in the meantime she would pray that the choice might be in her favor—yes, earnestly pray for it.

And she had prayed all the week. As she walked home from Sunday-school she was reassuring herself with these "comfortable words:" "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer!" It must be God's will that she should bring this enjoyment, this new life to that dear, patient, little cripple. Helen prayed indeed.

At last the commencement day came. The school-room was crowded with visitors: there were music and flowers, and the girls in pretty white dresses went through their performances to the great satisfaction of their friends. As the time drew near for the announcement of the prize, Helen's heart beat suffocatingly fast. At last Judge Williams came forward on the platform. He spoke at some length of the general excellence of all the compositions, and of the difficulty of deciding upon the best, but finally announced that the prize had been awarded to "No. 13." No. 13 proved to be Miss Ruth Palmer, a quiet, unobstrusive girl, who came forward covered with blushes to receive her reward. Helen controlled herself sufficiently to smile at her as she passed, and to join the other girls who crowded around her with congratulations when the exercises were over, but when once more alone in her room she threw herself on her bed in a passion of weeping. The disappointment for Frankie was great, and wounded self-love and vanity would make themselves heard. To be distanced by Ruth Palmer—by any of those girls! It was so hard. And under and through it all was the one recurring thought of how she had prayed. She had believed, she had been so in earnest, and all in vain. It was not true that God would always answer prayer, and how could she ever pray again except for some indefinite blessing. And Helen did not pray for several days till her heart grew heavier and sorer than ever with the consciousness of wrong-doing, until, one evening, the whole story was told to her mother.

"Now, Helen dear," said that loving confidant, after a little silent petting, "let us suppose that you and I were to decide which of these compositions that seemed equally good was to have the award, and some one were to say to us, 'Since there is so little to choose between them, give the prize to the girl who has prayed for it most earnestly,'—would that seem quite fair to you? Would it not seem fairer if we were to reply, 'No; since the prize is for the best composition, not for the girl who wants it the most, we must go over them again more carefully, and see if we do not find some excellence in one, or evidence of more study, something that will show that there is really one better than the others.' Do you not think so?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And then, too, perhaps they all prayed. Ruth Palmer may have had as good a reason as you had for asking for this money."

"Yes, mamma. I know that Ruth worked hard for it—ever so much harder than I did. But the trouble is, if she was *praying for it*, and the other girls, and myself, of course God could not answer all our prayers, and how can we ever hope or expect it?"

"We need only think of yours, Helen. Perhaps it is to be answered yet. Tell me truly, dear, which did you want most—the honor of being first, or the carriage for Frankie?"

"Really, I think, mamma, I hope it was for the carriage, but I did care a great deal about being first. The girls were all sure I would win."

"We can easily see why it may not have been best for you to have that desire granted. You know, dear, it is your temptation to feel yourself a little superior to those other girls. Perhaps you have been fancying that you could easily get, just by your cleverness, what would cost them hard work."

"Yes 'm!" said Helen, humbly.

"But Frankie's carriage was a bright and kind thought of your's, dear—and we will try to think of some other way, and keep on praying about that. How would you like to ask all the girls to help? You might take them over to see Frankie. I know they would be interested, and perhaps, altogether, it will not take us long to earn enough for a carriage."

"Oh, but, mamma, I did so want to do it all myself!"

"Ah, Helen dear, I see so well how much you needed just this lesson! When you are sure that what you want most is for Frankie to have the carriage, and not for Helen Portman to have all the honor, I am sure the right way will be made clear to us."

Helen was too truthful not to see the justice of her mother's words, but the struggle was a long and hard one before unselfishness and humility won the victory. But when *once* she yielded, she did it thoroughly. The girls were admitted to her fullest confidence, and they enthusiastically undertook the work.

It would take too long to tell of how they accomplished it—of the work and the fair—and the crowning fun of fitting up the carriage with afghan and cushion, and taking Frankie out for his first ride. That evening Helen spent again in her mother's room, gratefully counting over the many answers to her prayer.

There was the good to Frankie to begin with. Not the carriage alone, but now, instead of one little girl, there was a whole society of loving friends, over whom he ruled, a despotic, but bewitching little king; and fathers and mothers and aunties, too, had found their way to Frankie's home, till his mother began to think the village an earthly paradise.

Then there was the good it had been to the girls. They had so enjoyed the society and the work that they voted to keep working all winter, and as Frankie's wardrobe was now in good order, to adopt some other little waif that needed their care. Helen was unanimously chosen president. Even her hope of leading among the girls had found its fulfilment—but oh! in so much worthier a way.

Helen could hardly count the many answers her prayer had brought to *herself*. The new interests with which her life was filled, new friendships and affections, the determination *to do more* thorough work at school—all this was a great gain. But better still, and a much greater gain, was the new thought of God's care and love for her, and a new sense of trust in him. Helen was learning that God's will might be for her not only the very best, but the very happiest thing. She was learning how to pray—to tell her Heavenly Father of all her thoughts and hopes and plans, to leave them all in his care, and then to look *patiently* for his guidance. And if sometimes the answer seemed withheld, she was learning still to wait hopefully, saying sometimes to herself:

"The prayers I thought unanswered once, were answered in God's own best way."—*Churchman.*

CHARLEY'S WRITING BOOK.

We elderly people remember our school-days. We don't have such school-houses as we used to have. Rough benches, with splinters in them. Old desks, made out of the same material. A man teacher in winter and a woman teacher in summer. The principal qualification of the teacher was to know how to handle to good advantage many birches a day. He spent a great deal of his time making quill-pens for the scholars, and had a hard time teaching some of us to write. We had almost as many stripes on our backs as we had blots on our books. I could learn mathematics and geography, but it was hard to learn to write. When the new lady teacher came one summer, with a sweet face and loving heart, she seemed to understand the boys. She looked at my writing-book and said, "Well Charley, it looks pretty bad, doesn't it?" and I said, "Yes, ma'am." She said: "Charley, we will make the last half of that book look better than the first half looks. Let me see your pen." And she took it and mended it with her knife. Every day she would sit by me and take my rough hand in hers to show me how to make the letters, especially the capitals. That writing-book began to look better, right away. We always had to take our writing-books home to father when they were finished, just as we are going to take the record of this life home to Father when it's *done*. Remember that, young man. You are going to take it with you when you go. My teacher and I went through that writing-book, and it looked better, every page, until it was written through. Then she went with me to our house, and she said to my father, "Mr. Morton, you must not look at the first half of Charley's book. Look at the last part." So he examined the part that my teacher had helped me with, and said, "I don't find any fault with that." Christ said: "Now I am going to help you make your life better." He takes our hand in His hand, and He never leaves nor forsakes us. He will stand by us, and when we go home our Heavenly Father will only look at the part of the book that His dear Son helped us to make, and all the rest will go for nothing. "Behold, I make all things new." Our Heavenly Father will be satisfied with the record Christ helped us to make. There may be some in this congregation saying to themselves: "If my life were not so bad, I believe I would take Mr. Morton's advice, and try to be a Christian, but what hope is there for me?" It worries you. Christ will blot it out. He will draw his hand over the black record and blot it all out forever.—*Rev. C. M. Morton of Chicago.*

AT LAST.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay:
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions,
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song;
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

"MR SMITH."

He was called Smith after an old deceased favorite (who got his name no one knows how, and came at last to a tragic end), and the "Mr." was added by certain friends of ours, who observed traits of character in him that seemed to demand an additional respect.

By courtesy he is a *dachshund*; but I am bound to confess that there is a good deal of courtesy in the appellation, for although he has large spreading feet, bandy legs, and a long body, there is obviously a good deal of terrier in his composition: and most likely it is their cross in him that gives him his remarkable astuteness and sagacity. He is black and tan, with drooping, silky ears, expressive brown eyes, and an abnormally long tail, that gives him an expression all his own.

He arrived one night in the carrier's cart, having come from Winchester, which place is some seven or eight miles away. The hamper that contained him was brought into the dining-room, and as we cut the strings an ominous growling issued

"Smith was disclosed to view."

forth. When the lid was raised Smith was disclosed to view, curled tight up in the straw, his eyes gleaming significantly, and his white teeth very visible whenever a hand was approached near enough to look dangerous. He was nearly a year old, and his teeth were too strong to be trifled with, so the hamper was shut down again, and consigned to the stable for the night.

The next day, by means of chicken bones and the encouraging presence of the collie dog of the establishement, Smith made friends once and for all, with a fidelity that nothing has ever shaken for a moment; and he soon began to develop traits of character that stamped him as an original.

The household consisted of his two mistresses, two maids, and a man. To his mistresses he became at once warmly attached; the man he held in the most unmitigated contempt, which contempt never diminished, and was displayed in the most ostentatious way on every occasion. As regards the maids, he made great friends with the parlor-maid from the very first, whilst it was three months before the most assiduous courting on the part of the cook won his lordship's confidence.

When Smith arrived we had not long been settled in our country home, and our only means of locomotion was a double tricycle, upon which we scoured the country, paid our calls, and took the main part of our exercise. But in the autumn of that year we bought a stout pony and a dog-cart, and tricycling was somewhat superseded by driving. Smith was intensely interested in Tommy the pony, used

"Smith used to visit him in his stable."

to visit him in his stable, and stand on his hind legs to kiss him; and to run with him was the very joy of his life.

Tommy would take us farther than we had been able to go before, and he went at a great pace too; but that was as nothing to Smith who galloped along manfully, and always had breath left to bark.

We used sometimes to drive into Winchester for shopping purposes, and then Tommy was put up at the hotel whilst we did our business. On the first of these expeditions Smith left the yard with us, but shortly afterwards we missed him, and calling did not bring him. As, however, he was a dog of sense, and quite able to take care of himself, we did not trouble ourselves about him; and when at length we returned to the yard, there was Smith sitting right under the cart, with an alert air as of one doing his duty nobly. The ostler said he had quickly returned to the hotel, picked out his own cart from a whole row of them, established himself under it, and declined to allow anybody to touch it. To look after cart and horse in a strange place has now become quite a habit with Smith; and if we put up in an unknown locality, he cannot be persuaded to leave the yard for a moment. He seems to have the cares of empires upon him until he sees us fairly start again.

But Smith's cup of happiness was absolutely full when Tommy was superseded by a pair of larger horses, and we began to ride instead of driving only. To go with the saddle-horses was just the acme of bliss, for he could hunt the hedgerows and fields whilst we quietly walked; and the breathless spurts he had to put on to keep up when we galloped seemed to fill him with the deepest joy. He would never be outrun. Now and then we passed him when at full stretch, but if he had a mind to keep ahead, he always did, and how he does it is a puzzle to this day. The way he lays himself along the ground and tears is so comical that we sometimes can hardly sit our horses for laughing at him.

He soon learned to know that on the days we were going to ride our habits were laid out on the beds soon after luncheon, so as to be ready for us. He used, therefore, to make expeditions into the bedrooms every day to see if they were out, and if he found them he would come tearing down the stairs, as if he had at least a hundred legs, to try if he could not worry us into dressing at once, so that we might start off the sooner. He liked to accompany us up-stairs to watch the process, and would drum with his feet to hurry us on if he thought we were tedious. Then once let him see us ready, he would dash off to the stable to see if the horses were saddled, and come tearing round again to bring us out if he found all in readiness.

Dearly as Smith loves running with the horses on every possible occasion, nothing will induce him to do so if the man takes them out either riding or driving. So sure as the groom drives alone, or rides out exercising, so surely does Mr. Smith turn tail in deep disgust, and decline to take the least notice of the proceeding, save by the inimitable contempt with which he sees the more amiable collie run gaily off with the inferior turn-out

He can, however, pocket his pride when he considers that duty demands the sacrifice. Once his favorite parlor-maid had occasion to go up to town for the day, and quite early in the morning the baker's cart came to the station. This unprecedented circumstance aroused Smith's suspicions, and he evidently felt that the matter required his personal supervision, and must be inquired into.

It was in vain he was ordered home—home he declined to go until he had seen the end of this business. He went to the station and into the station, saw the maid to the carriage and watched the train move off, and then feeling more satisfied (for he often meets trains and comes down to see people off), he trotted home again with the air of a dog who has done his duty by the household. I need hardly say that no further notice was deigned to the baker or his cart.

That Smith understands a great deal that is said there can be no manner of doubt. Let me but say in his hearing that I am going to wash him at a specified hour, and at that time he is sure to be missing, and he has to be dug out, limp and depressed, from some obscure corner. One lady who often comes to see us is so afraid of dogs that they are all tied up before she comes, and if I tell Smith that "Mrs. ——— is coming," he puts down his tail, and goes dejectedly to his kennel without further delay. We had a tradesman of the name of Smith, who gave us a great deal of trouble, and once at dinner-time I happened to observe that if Smith did not amend his ways, we should have to get rid of him altogether. Whereat poor Smith, who was sitting beside my chair, put down his ears and his tail, and slunk silently under the table, and could only be consoled and coaxed out of his depression by many assurances and protestations as to his own goodness.

He has the most tender conscience that ever dog possessed, and if it does not hinder him always from transgressing, it makes him betray himself afterwards in the most unequivocal fashion. Many a sin that would never else have been discovered has he betrayed by his puckered nose and grovelling gait; many a hole in his puppy days has he dug and then discovered to us by his own self-consciousness. He was very troublesome when he first came by this hole-digging, and being a dog of much persistence and determination, he was able in a large garden to gratify his *penchant* undiscovered in a way that was most tiresome. He was cured, however, once and for all in a very summary manner.

Five times in one day had he been whipped and shut up for digging again and again the same hole in the bank by the drive, and each time, on release, had he gone back and excavated it again. On re-

"I sprang upon him unawares."

leasing him after his fifth captivity, he went straight off to his hole, and re-commenced his labors with renewed zeal and activity. I let him dig in unconscious bliss for a while, until he had made a nice roomy grave, and then, stealing up behind him whilst he was all claws and nose in the ground, I sprang upon him unawares, held him firmly in position, and buried him tight in his own hole. He was not long in backing and scrambling out, and emrged a meek and disreputable-looking object; but he never dug another hole. That trick was entirely cured from that day forward, partly, I think, because he got a good scare, and partly because he was quite conscious of the ridiculous appearance he presented, and of which our shouts of laughter made him all the more aware. For Smith, like many dogs, cannot bear being laughed at, and will deny himself a good deal of pleasure rather than submit to ridicule.

Smith's intense love for a stick is another of his most amusing traits. He will carry one for miles with the greatest joy, and the larger and heavier it is the more he seems to delight in it. But the greatest fun is to make the two dogs run races and

"The little one often snatches the prize."

dispute for the possession of the treasure. Until Smith came, Col—the collie—could not be induced to pick up or carry a stick, but he soon caught the accomplishment from his little companion, and although he has no love for a stick *per se* and never carries it far, he enjoys a game of play, and throws himself into it heartily.

His love for a stick is so great, that he will actually climb trees after one. I hardly expect to be believed in this, but it is an absolute fact. I do not mean that he can swarm up a bare trunk; but if a stick is placed high up in a deodaria, or larch-tree, or in any other where a succession of branching boughs gives him a foot-hold, Smith will climb after it to the height of ten or twelve feet, and with encouragement I have no doubt he could do even more. But we do not like to make him climb often, as he gets wildly excited over it; and when once he has got the stick, no power on earth will make him quit his hold, and as climbing down with it in his mouth is a difficult process, he often hurls himself headlong to the ground in the most reckless way, stick in mouth, and jars his neck in so doing till it is sometimes stiff for weeks. We have, therefore, been obliged to discourage this accomplishment as somewhat dangerous.

I should like to tell further of Smith and the cats of the establishment, and of his visits to the seaside, and the adventures he met with; but I am afraid those who do not know him personally will think they have had enough of his society—at any rate, for the present. Besides, he has just been in to tell me in his own eloquent way that my habit is out and my horse nearly saddled, and that he himself is aching to be off. It is therefore very plain that I must lay down my pen and do his bidding, for Mr. Smith in his own way is quite the master of the house, and knows it too.—*Evelyn Everett-Green, in Cassell's Magazine.*

A MANUFACTURER paid seven hundred dollars on Saturday night to his men. The bills were all new and had a private mark. On the following Monday four hundred dollars in these same bills were paid into the village bank by saloon-keepers who in the interval, had received them for drink and saloon arrearages. What about the homes of those men, meanwhile? Did they not need a temperance "anti-poverty society?"

Question Corner.—No. 2.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Rebekah's nurse?
2. What prophet waited for a good man, to ask a blessing before they partook of food?
3. Where is a "snowy day" mentioned in the Bible?
4. What king had 88 children?
5. There were five orphan girls mentioned in the Bible who appealed to a judge to have certain property secured to them that would otherwise pass out of the immediate family, and as a result, a new law was made securing to them their rights. *a.* What was the law called? *b.* Give the name of the judge. *c.* The names of the five orphan girls.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Who broke domestic peace, and met
A childless woman's tears, and yet
Provoked her sore to make her fret?
In what epistle is it said,
"You hath He quickened from the dead,"
Christ is "our peace," and Christ "the head"?
Give now the name of Nabal's wife
Whose wisdom stayed an angry strife,
And saved her churlish husband's life?
Where dwelt a Christian church that know
St. Paul; he bade them thus adieu,
"The God of peace shall be with you"?
Who started forth in peace to meet,
And with a sweet forgiveness greet,
One who had dared to lie and cheat?

Initial letters tell what Jesus gave
To those who loved Him well,
Before He passed, within the gloomy grave
Three days to dwell.
And when, at evening, through unopened door,
Entered those silent feet,
That blissful, re-assuring word once more
His lips repeat.

A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

REWARDS FOR BIBLE STUDY—THREE PRIZES FOR THE THREE BEST SETS OF ANSWERS.

We have much pleasure in placing before our readers the particulars referred to in our last issue.

To the person sending in the best set of answers to the Bible Questions, published fortnightly in the *Messenger* from now until next Christmas, we will give the choice of the following prizes:—

1. A HANDSOME BIBLE, limp morocco covers, with references, concordance and twelve maps, worth $1.50.
2. THE LAND AND THE BOOK, by Dr. Thompson, a handsome gilt edged edition with maps and scores of illustrations; a book that every Bible student in the country would do well to own.

For the second best set of answers will be given the choice of:—

1. A HANDSOME TEACHER'S BIBLE, a smaller edition than the above, but containing similar references, concordance and maps, limp covers, worth $3.00.
2. A NEW EDITION OF CRUDEN'S CONCORDANCE containing 757 pages, 2,270 columns, and 250,000 references. A much more complete concordance than any found bound with the Bible.

For the third best set of answers:—

A BIBLE with limp leather covers, containing references, index and twelve maps.

WHO MAY COMPETE.

This competition is thrown open to all the readers of the *Northern Messenger* under eighteen years of age. Go to work as soon as each number of the *Messenger* comes in and send your answers to us as soon as you can find them, giving full name and age and address that we may file them correctly.

Write on one side of the paper only and number the answers as the questions are numbered. If you cannot answer a question, put the number down and leave a blank after it.

Address all your letters, "Bible Questions, *Northern Messenger*," care John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

THE BEGINNING:

A schoolboy, ten years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields—had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can get it again." He never gave back the money.

THE ENDING:

Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.—*School Journal.*

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS."

(I Thess. v. 18.)

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue:
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FROM PRIZE EARNERS.

We publish a few of the letters from earners of premiums.

"I received the books all right and am much pleased with them; they are handsome."

"I received the Bible sent all right, for which receive my best thanks; I am very much pleased with it."

"It is with pleasure I acknowledge the nice prize you sent me. I intend to still work for your most excellent paper."

"I received my book last night. Thanks very much. It is much nicer than I expected."

"I received my prize, 'Sliced Animals,' to-day, and I am very much pleased with it."

"Received your prize book and was very much surprised as I never expected the like. Many thanks for your kindness."

"It is with pleasure that my brother and I write to let you know that our prizes came safe to hand. We like them very well."

I received the premiums for the *Northern Messenger* and was surprised and pleased to get them so soon."

It will be seen from the few letters taken from a large number that our prizes are appreciated.

We have a large number of renewals to receipt yet, and we hope every boy and girl who is anxious to earn a handsome prize will begin work at once and do good by circulating the *Messenger*, besides benefiting by the work.

We will send a package of sample copies, blank lists and envelopes free on application. Address

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Office,
Montreal.

THE CHANGES.

We are pleased to find so many opinions of approval regarding the change in appearance of the *Messenger* with new type and finer paper. We intend to continue improving as the circulation will permit in making it the best little paper published for old and young.

"BEHOLD ME STANDING AT THE DOOR."

The hymn we give in this number was one of the most popular at the great meetings held recently in Montreal by Mr. Moody. It was particularly effective when sung by one of the ladies of the choir as a solo.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their post-office can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

SUPERINTENDENTS AND SECRETARIES.

Many superintendents and secretaries of Sabbath schools in renewing for 1888 for their clubs are increasing the number and compliment us on the very great improvement in the appearance of the *Messenger*, and the reduction in the cost for clubs. Many of them say, "We cannot get along without the *Messenger* in our Sabbath school;" others say, "Our school must have the *Messenger*," and numerous other testimonies are received.

We would call the special attention of such to the handsome prizes offered in connection with the Bible Questions in another column. This is a competition in which every Sabbath school scholar throughout the country may profitably engage.

To any superintendent or secretary desiring to extend the circulation, we will send a package free on application.

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The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

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The *Messenger* premium list for 1887-88 is an entirely new one and has been selected with great care.

Read the following list of prizes offered for the *Northern Messenger* and see how anyone with very little effort can become the owner of a nice prize.

READ CAREFULLY.

To any subscriber sending us ONE NEW NAME along with their own subscription, at 30 cents each we will send a copy of "MARCUS WARD'S ROYAL ILLUMINATED NURSERY RHYMES" with music. Another inducement for the little ones to work is in the second prize offered. Every boy or girl who sends us TWO NEW SUBSCRIBERS and ONE RENEWAL, will receive a beautiful little story book strongly bound in cloth.

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